NAZARETH

1918

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Senior Year Book

Published by

The Class of 1918

Nazareth Academy

Rochester, New York

"Dominus Illuminatio Mea"

NAZARETH ACADEMY, LAKE AVENUE

To Our Boys

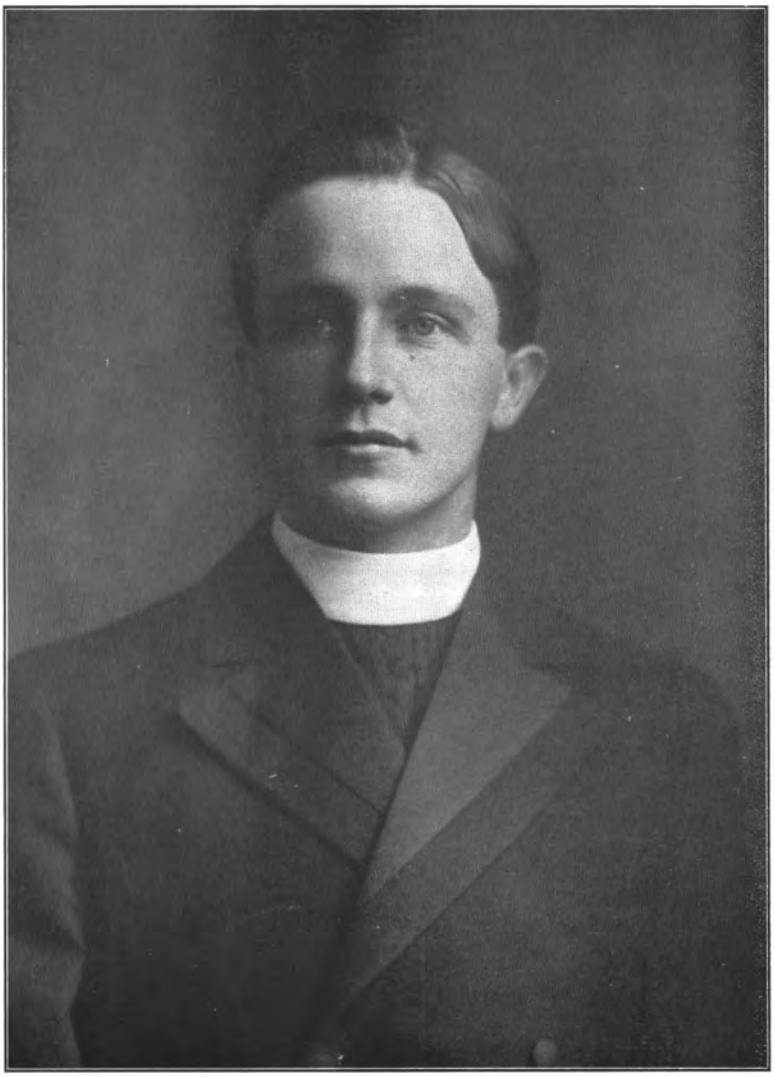
in the Army and
Navy
who are giving their
heroic service
even unto supreme
sacrifice for God,
their country and
human liberty,
we dedicate our
Annual of 1918

Our Greeting

THE Class of 1918 send forth their Senior Annual with the hope that the friends of Nazareth Academy and of the girls of the Class will find a new pleasure in this account of our school life activities and that these pages, may in the days to come, be pleasant reminders to classmates and teachers of these golden days of girlhood. May these after-glances deepen our love for our Alma Mater and our loyalty to her spirit which is one of deep faith in God and in right principles of life, together with a ready and devoted service of God and Country.

RT. REV. THOMAS F. HICKEY, D. D.

Our Bishop, lover of God, lover of his fellow man,
and lover of his country



REV. EDWARD B. SIMPSON, Ph. D.

Instructor in Religion

The Old Red, White and Blue

O Flag of our dear Country,
Blest banner of our land!
We love your holy colors,—
We love their meaning grand.

The red bar stands for courage,
For the blood that has been shed
On mountains, hills and valleys,
In rivers as they sped.

The white bar stands for purity,
Which comes from heaven above,
That gives our noble Country,
The gift of God's own love.

Each bright star tells its story
Of the state for which it stands,
From California's sunny slopes
To old New England sands.

The stars, in fields of heaven's blue,
Beam kindly down o'er all,
And speak of that bright home that waits
Our brave boys that must fall.

O noble flag! through thy proud folds,
God's living message runs.
Inspirer of our fathers,
Inspire to-day their sons.

Look proudly down upon our boys,
And cheer each noble soul.
Oh, lead them on to victory,
Their God-appointed goal.

Breathe truth, and utter courage
And counsel wise and right
Into our President's great heart;
Direct him in God's sight.

And when these fearsome days are o'er
To loyal hearts and true,
Wrap thy folds round the hearts that bleed,—
Our own Red, White and Blue.

—L. Fitzgerald.

Academic Class

Dorothy G. Brown, 123 Albermarle St.

No. 7 School

"A girl lovable, intense
In thought and act, in soul and sense."

Thelma M. Campbell, 229 Caledonia Ave.

Immaculate Conception

"A fair, sweet girl with great brown wond'r-
ing eyes,
That seem to listen just as if they held
The gift of hearing with the power of sight."

Aloise M. Carroll, 79 Glasgow St.

Immaculate Conception

"The steady force of will whereby
Her flexible grace seems sweeter;
The sturdy counterpoise which makes
Her woman's life completer."

Isabel M. Chase, 598 N. Goodman St.

"A fair, sweet girl with skillful hands
And a cheerful heart for treasure."

Mary A. Connell, 699 Main St. E.

Sacred Heart, Syracuse

"With heart as calm as lakes that sleep
In frosty moonlight glistening."

Marie M. Corrigan, 111 Clifton St.

Cathedral Grammar

"She treads the earth so lightly
Her feet touch not a thorn;
Her words wear all the brightness
Of a young life's happy morn."

Mary Louise Creegan, 487 Lake Ave.

Nazareth Grammar

"The brook that down the valley
So musically drips,
Flowed never half so brightly
As the light laugh from her lips."

Bernice Desrochers,
413 Ravenwood Ave.

"Our school is cheerier for her sake
Our campus brighter blooming
And all about our school-hood air
Is sweeter for her coming."

Lois E. Fisher, 7 Edgewood Pk.

St. Augustine

"Flowers spring to blossom where she walks
The careful ways of duty,
Our hard, stiff lines of life with her
Are flowing curves of beauty."

Lucile A. Fitzgerald, 177 Brooks Ave.

St. Monica

"Her presence lends its warmth and health
To all who come before it."

Marion E. Haley, 25 Love St.

Cathedral

"She is a flower fresh, fair, and frail,
A lily in life's morning."

Dorothy E. Hoffmayr, 59 Hickory St.

St. Boniface

"Her face is like a lily,
Her heart is like a rose,
Her eyes are like a heaven,
Where the sunlight always glows."

Madeline M. Krewer, 98 York St.

Nazareth Grammar

"You tempt us with your laughing eyes,
Your cheeks of sundown's blushes,
A motion as of waving grain
A music as of thrushes."

Lucile M. McCarthy, Mt. Morris, N. Y.

"I am constant as the northern star
Of whose true-fixed and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament."

Raymona A. McCarthy, 30 May St.

Immaculate Conception

"A face with gladness overspread
Soft smiles, by human kindness bred,
And seemliness complete, that sways
Thy courtesies."

Dorothy C. McGrath, 209 Columbia Ave.

Nazareth Grammar

"A full, rich nature free to trust,
Truthful and almost sternly just."

Doloros I. Merrell, 93 Linnet St.

Holy Rosary

"Fair her smile, her motions tell
Of womanly completeness
A music as of household songs
Is in her voice of sweetness."

Louise A. Murray, 32 Rundell Pk.

Corpus Christi

"We see with pride her richer thought,
Her fancy's freer ranges;
And love thus deepened to respect
Is proof against all changes."

Thelma M. Oberlies, 83 S. Union St.

St. Joseph

"The dower of her mind as of her heart
Is of the richest, and she masters art
By instinct more than study."

A. Helen O'Connell, 859 Avenue D.

Holy Redeemer

"Her life is all laughter,
Her days are all a smile;
Her heart is pure and happy,
She knows not gloom nor guile."

K. Loise O'Hara, 1157 Main St. E.

Nazareth Grammar

"A Mrs. Siddons here you see,
Bernhardt and Ellen Terry,
To dance, to act and aye to please
For Loise is right merry."

Gertrude M. Paille, Greece, N. Y.

St. John

"An inborn grace that nothing lacks
Of culture and appliance;
The warm of genial courtesy,
The calm of self-reliance."

Mary Lucile Pennock, 590 Frost Ave.

Immaculate Conception

"There is not a sign of shadow,
There's not a tear or thorn;
And the sweet voice of her laughter
Fills with melody the morn."

Anna W. Plunkett, 280 Murray St.

Holy Apostles

"We see her pleasant, gracious ways,
All hearts to her incling."

Mary A. Plunkett, 280 Murray St.

Holy Apostles

"A calm and gracious girl, whose presence is welcomed wherever she goes."

Angelina Regna, Cleveland St.

"She has a voice divine,
And when she sings for us in truth it seems
The very heart of song is breaking on her life."

Catherine E. Reynolds, 2 Mt. Pleasant Pk.

Immaculate Conception

"A daughter of the gods is she,
Divinely tall, divinely fair;
One smile from off her rosy lips
Would free us from all thought of care."

Dorothy E. Sheehan, 258 Alphonse St.

Corpus Christi

"For rhetoric, she could not ope
Her mouth, but out there flew a trope.
—Our dainty, bewitching, capable President."

Esther A. Tobin, Rush, N. Y.

Nazareth Grammar

"Her voice is sweetly low when she speaks
Her words are music."

Helen M. White, 309 Saxton St.

Cathedral Grammar

"Unspoken homilies of peace
Her daily life is preaching;
The still refreshment of high thought
Is her unconscious teaching."

Mary E. White, 245 Sawyer St.
St. Monica

"Maiden so composed and bland!
Mind inscrutable and grand!"

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Excelsior

Our days at school are ending fast,
Our laurels won, our regents passed.
We sit upon the stage to-night
Our cheeks aglow, our eyes alight,
We're graduates.

Some folks may say we're not the best;
Give us a chance, we'll do the rest.
Triumphant we shall always be,
And folks will turn their heads to see
Those Nazarenes.

The hilltop only, for "Eighteen";
We'll reach it by our effort keen.
And folks will ask you, "Who are they?"
And you'll just have to stop and say,
"They're Nazarenes."

—A. Louise Murray.

Commercial Class

Loraine O. Bertsch, 327 Clifford Ave.
St. Michael's
"This little girl in knowledge,
Surpasses folks in college."

Alice R. Bishop, 608 Garson Ave.
Corpus Christi
"She whom smiles and tears make equally lovely."

Emily C. Braun, 148 Bay St.
St. Francis Xavier
"As sweet as ever a girl could be."

Catherine F. Callahan, 339 Augustine St.
Holy Rosary
"Youth and youth's easy virtues made her fair."

Margaret A. Cleary, 272 Hayward Ave.
Corpus Christi
"It was easy for her to be pleasant,
When life went along like a song."

Isabel M. Coffey, 114 Bidwell Ter.
Holy Rosary
"Sweet as a lily, fair as a rose,
Straight as a willow in her pose."

Margaret M. Collins, 17 White St.
Cathedral

"Tall and slim, with auburn curls,
One of the nicest of our girls."

Isabelle R. Cook, Elmwood Ave.
St. Boniface

"Cheerfulness is an offshot of goodness and wisdom."

Laura H. Cunneran, 25 Ashland St.
St. Mary's

"Happy and bright,
Always welcome to our sight."

Anna M. Darcy, 180 Augustine St.
Holy Rosary

"Like the busy little bee she improves each shining hour."

Lavina C. Dengler, 903 Clinton Ave. N.
St. Michael's

"She never gets into a flurry,
For it never pays to worry."

Evelyn B. Diesel, 609 Linden St.
St. Boniface

"A lexicographer soon will she be,
Without a big Webster, her ne'er do we see."

Ruth M. Dingman, 20 Renwood St.

Junior High

"Another Miss gone to take a position,
Full of joy and grit and ambition."

Ruth M. Donahue, 1 Moerlbach Pk.

Holy Rosary

"Always patient and pleasant."

Irene E. Donnelly, 86 Jay St., Clyde, N.Y.

St. John's, Clyde, N. Y.

"Up and doing, full well she'll bear her part."

Grace I. Duffy, 217 Lake Ave.

Nazareth Grammar

"She could easily vie with Douglas in his famous debates."

Mary A. Flynn, E. Henrietta Rd.

St. Mary's

"Business before pleasure."

Helen M. Freida, 11 Bloomfield St.

Blessed Sacrament

"Following Fritz Kriesler's footsteps."

Irene M. Guentner, 301 Child St.

St. Scholastica's Academy, Sharon, Pa.

"Her little feet seldom brought her early for school."

Margaret M. Hamlin, 3948 Lake Ave.

Holy Cross

"Like a glistening stream which flows, and freshens everything along its course."

Edna Hart, 16 Arklow St.

SS. Peter and Paul

"She seems so small a worker,
Yet no one can call her a shirker."

Marion E. Harvey, 31 Beaufort St.

St. Mary's

"Our Expert correspondent."

Louise M. Herman, 61 St. John's Pk.

Holy Cross

"A player of sweet music!
Music which gentler on the spirit lies,
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes."

Gertrude C. Kenny, Lyell Rd., Gates, N. Y.

Holy Apostles

"Still water runs deep."

Catherine M. Keane, 115 Frank St.
Cathedral
"Behold! a little gem of Irish wit and humor."

Katherine E. Klee, 28 Alexander St.
St. Boniface
"Rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes,
Very pretty and very wise."

Sybilla B. Koch, 33 Weider St.
St. Boniface
"A sweet little, shy little, fair little maid,
With bright, rosy blushes that never fade."

Irene J. Kupferschmidt, 176 Conkey Ave.
St. Michael's
"Never idle, never blue,
Always merry, always true."

Mary A. Lancer, 216 Frost Ave.
Immaculate Conception
"Always there with a helping hand."

Irene M. Laplante, 14 Phelps Ave.
Sacred Heart, Peterboro, Ont.
"The future Mrs. Vernon Castle in the 'Jaxx'."

Monica M. Leahy, 181 Lewiston Ave.
Sacred Heart
"A rival of Lee Swem."

Anna M. Leinberger, 50 Hemple Place
St. Francis Xavier
"When sore depressed with many cares,
The burden falls when she appears."

Loretta F. Leonard, 87 Avenue A
St. Bridget's
"She didn't want to stay after school
But it always seemed to be the rule."

Elizabeth C. Long, 60 St. John's Pk.
Holy Cross
"She who brings sunshine into the lives of others cannot keep it from herself."

Olive J. McAlester, 266 Campbell St.
SS. Peter and Paul
"Our physical training instructor."

Margaret M. McGuane, 45 King St.
SS. Peter and Paul
"Never absent and never breaks a rule."

Marie H. Macauley, 48 Finch St.
Cathedral
"Our future champion typist."

Frances de S. Maguire, 115 W. Washington Ave., Bath, N. Y.
Haverling H. S.
"Just curls, a hair brush and a comb, and she was an ideal boarder."

Loretta M. Mayer, 577 Joseph Ave.
Holy Redeemer
"A credit to the A. N. Palmer system of business writing."

Elizabeth T. Miller, 28 Quincy St.
St. Augustine's
"Never without a library book."

Helen G. Nickel, 56 Spiegel Pk.
Holy Redeemer
"Here we have a winsome lass,
Always prepared for every class."

Margaret A. O'Malley, 386 Troup St.
SS. Peter and Paul
"Always happy, always free,
Always laughing, full of glee."

Elizabeth M. O'Meara, 112 Main St. E.

Corpus Christi

"A crown of shining golden hair,
O'er a countenance so sweet and fair."

Louise M. Passero, 285 Magee Ave.

Sacred Heart

"She had her eyes and ears open, to get all the knowledge she could."

Marion C. Pfaff, 314 First St.

St. Francis Xavier

"There was always truth and love in her big brown eyes."

Ruth M. Rauber, Wayland, N. Y.

Wayland H. S.

"Much she knew, but to know all was her ambition."

Marie Rickey, 30 Princeton St.

St. Bridget's

"Our example of gentleness and sweetness."

Leonore Ritz, 75 Woodward St.

Nazareth Grammar

"Out of sight, but not forgotten."

Loretta A. Rupp, 78 Texas St.
Holy Family
"Neat as a pin and sure to win."

Monica M. Saffran, 839 Jay St.
Holy Family
"A song and a dance by the lass with the curls pleased us all."

Genevieve M. Schnurr, 20 Benton St.
St. Boniface
"Business called and our shorthand expert responded."

Irene L. Shea, 194 Stutson St.
Holy Cross
"Crimson blushes made her fair."

Gertrude E. Smyth, 188 Edinburgh St.
Immaculate Conception
"Always ready to enjoy a good laugh."

Evelyn R. Strauss, 248 First St.
St. Francis Xavier
"Our competent business woman."

Leona E. Sullivan, 6 Bartlett St.

Immaculate Conception

"We trusted in Leona's witty remarks to free us from many difficulties."

Sophia I. Updaw, Monroe Ave.

Blessed Sacrament

"Sophia left us some time ago,
To take a position as typist you know
Of course we all dreaded to see her depart,
But she was remembered in every girl's heart."

Catherine A. White, 309 Saxton St.

Cathedral

"Catherine liked study, but recitation was hard work."

✣

To Alma Mater

Fare thee well, thou royal spirit,
Noble Guardian of our youth;
Take, we pray, our hearts' fond tribute,
Offerings of love and truth.

Thou hast op'ed the page of wisdom
With its charm of truth and right,
Virtues, which no wealth can purchase,
Gifts that make the future bright.

Shielded thus by virtue's buckler,
Filled with Confidence and Hope,—
Bravely do we now fare forward,
With life's problems great to cope.

Tho' we part, dear Alma Mater,
Part we only from the sight;
In our hearts your name, dear Nazareth,
Still shall shine with holy light.

Fare thee well, then Alma Mater,
May success thy works still crown;
May thy name in honor flourish
And thy fame afar resound.

Irene Kupferschmidt.

Graduate in Music Course

M. Genevive Keenan, a graduate of the classical course, Class of 1916, of Nazareth Academy, has completed the prescribed course in music in Piano-forte and is thus qualified for graduation from the Music Course of the Academy, having also earned an Advanced Regents diploma from the University of the State of New York. The public Recital given before graduation, has been arranged for an evening in early June.

In the musical and dramatic activities of the school, Genevive has always been prominent, and has proved herself a warm supporter of any work that has been undertaken by the school or its Alumnae. We congratulate her on her success and wish her greater ones to follow.

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Before Christ left the Citadel of Light,
To tread the dreadful way of human birth,
His shadow sometimes fell upon the earth
And those who saw it wept with joy and fright.
"Thou art Apollo, than the sun more bright!"
They cried. "Our music is of little worth;
But thrill our blood with thy creative mirth
Thou god of song, thou lord of lyric might!"

O singing pilgrim! who could love and folow,
Your lover Christ, through even love's despair,
You knew within the cypress-darkened hollow
The feet that on the mountain are so fair.
For it was Christ that was your own Apollo,
And thorns were in the laurel on your hair.

—Joyce Kilmer.

Commencement Speakers

Salutatorian
DOROTHY G. BROWN

Valedictorian
DOROTHY C. McGRATH

Class Officers

President
DOROTHY E. SHEEHAN

Vice-President
HELEN M. WHITE

Secretary
IRENE E. DONNELLY

Treasurer
LOUISE M. HERMAN

UNDER the above symbol of the Red Cross Workers, Nazareth has been this year enrolled, and we are, every one of us, members of the Junior Red Cross Society. Representatives from our school attended the great patriotic rally of Junior Red Cross members held at Convention Hall in February. We have each pledged ourselves to make, save, and give something for the Red Cross. The making we are doing in our sewing classes, in which we sew on articles needed by the boys whether in the trenches or the hospitals. We all save as much as we can by eliminating all unnecessary waste in food, and by refraining from needless expenditure. Some of the money thus saved we gave to the Red Cross fund. Besides, we are all knitting, as you have only to pay us a visit during free time, to see.

Besides our Red Cross activities, Nazareth has been doing other patriotic work this year. When the Second Liberty Loan was floated, we subscribed for a $500 bond for the school; and our Liberty Day celebration was an event to be remembered in the school.

—L. Fisher.

EDITORIAL BOARD

EDITORIAL BOARD

Editor-in-Chief - - - - - Lois E. Fisher
Assistant Editor - - Raymona A. McCarthy

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

Lorraine A. Bertsch
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Marie H. Macauley
Gertrude M. Paille
Mary Lucile Pennock
Catherine E. Reynolds

Business Manager - - - A. Louise Murray

An Effervescence

Cram, cram, cram,
We must make all our counts, you see,
And we grind with the burning desire
In the Cause, busy helpers to be.

O well for our brave soldier boy,
That he hikes with the army each day,
O well for the sailor lad
That he sings as if winning were play!

And the stately ships go on
To our allies over the sea,
But, oh, to have helped in this noble cause,
To have strengthened world liberty!

Cram, cram, cram—
In our daily routine must we,
But the world-wide war, if we do our bit,
Will result in our victory.

—A. Louise Murray.

SENIOR DEBATING TEAMS

Progress of Senior the Pilgrim

AS I walked through the wilderness of this world, I lighted on a certain by-way, secluded and sheltered, and laid me down in that place to sleep; and as I slept, I dreamed a dream. I saw that along this by-way, wending toward the place where I was, came a company of maidens blithe and merry and singing as they came.

As they approached the shaded place where I rested, they entered a field; and I beheld that they all went on merrily and thoughtlessly until they came to the hill at the bottom of which was a Spring. There were two other ways besides that which led straight to the top, to Graduation with Honor: one turned to the left hand, and the other to the right, at the bottom of the hill; but the narrow way lay right up the hill; and the name of the going up the side of the hill is called **Difficulty.** One maiden, whom I understood was called Freshman, I marked among the group for her clear eyes, and earnest face. Freshman now went to the Spring about which stood bright-faced and black-robed women, each bearing in her hand a drinking vessel of a different shape and appearance. Although all had filled their pitchers from the same spring, yet when Freshman drank from each in turn, she found that each was different in taste and in the effect of the draught upon her. Freshman secured a flask of the potion dispensed by each of these Guardians of the Spring, and proceeded on her way, straight up the hill according to their advice.

The others of the company, who came to the foot of the hill, when they saw that the hill was steep and high, and that there were two other ways to go, and supposing also that these two ways might meet again with the straight road at the top of the hill, therefore they were resolved to go by these ways. Now, the name of one was Pleasure, the name of the other was Carelessness. Some companions took the primrose path called Pleasure, which led them into the dark wood called Failure; and others took directly the easy Way called Carelessness which led them into a wide field called Trouble, full of dark mountains, where they stumbled and fell and rose no more.

I then looked after Freshman to see her go up the hill, where I perceived she fell from running to going, and from going to clambering upon her hands and knees, because of the steepness of the place. Now about one-quarter way to the top of the hill was a station, built by the lord of the hill. Here all comers were examined as to their fitness to go on up the hill. Those found worthy to proceed were given a pass card, certifying the same, and after refreshment and a long rest, were permitted to go happily forward, called now by a new name, Sophomore. Those who failed in the test were detained for a long weary time. Thither, therefore, Freshman got, where also she sat down and began afresh to review the Roll, that had been given her at the foot of the hill, which would prepare her for the ordeal. At last the encounter was over. She was found worthy of the new name, Sophomore, and a longer garment.

Thus Sophomore began again to go up the hill, after refreshing herself from a second Spring of sparkling water which stood close by the station, with Guardians about resembling the ones she had seen by the Spring at the foot of the hill. These Guardians likewise held curious flagons from which Sophomore filled vials to refresh her on her way. She soon came to a pleasant arbor, also made by the lord of the hill for the holding of "spreads" for the refreshment of the travelers. Here, therefore, she sat down to rest and thus pleasing herself a while, she at last fell into a slumber. Now as she was sleeping, there came to her one in form and

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figure like to the dark-robed ones she had first met at the foot of the hill. She jogged the sleeper, saying, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise." With that Sophomore suddenly started up and sped her on her way and went apace until she came to the next station placed about mid-way to the top of the hill.

This station was like to the one Sophomore had before passed only by answering many trying questions put by the lord of the hill. Again she got by with another pass card and the name of Junior, and again drank deep of the water of a third Spring, and once more filled her vials from the flagons of the Guardians of the Spring. After this the road became a little steeper and rougher, if that were possible.

Now when Junior had got well on her way, there came two running to meet her amain; the name of the one was Frivolity, and of the other Discouragement; to whom Junior said, "Friends, what's the matter? You run the wrong way." Frivolity answered, "We were going to the top of the hill where we hoped to reach Graduation, but the farther we go the more difficult is the road and none of the joys of life are found therein; as for me, I cannot abide it, and have turned back. It is much easier to go down the hill, and toward the foot I will find my boon companions and with them I will enjoy the sunshine, the pleasant grove and the goodly company that sport therein."

"Ah," said Discouragement. "Just before us in the way lay two Lions; on the collar of one was engraved Physics, and on the other, Cicero. I could not think, if we came within reach but that they would presently pull us to pieces.

Then said Junior, "You make me afraid; but I will drink of the vials given me by the Guardians of the Spring, and I will yet go forward. So Frivolity and Discouragement ran down the hill, and Junior went on her way, wearing now upon her breast two Greek letters in shining gold, **Beta Phi,** which gave her much joy and comfort.

And now there was much encouragement, for far ahead, Junior, could now and then see a faint glimpse of the Palace which she knew to be the summit of the hill, and which only those who had attained Graduation could hope to enter. And so anon, when her footsteps lagged in a stony bit of the road, she had only to look up and behold the goal of this long, weary journey, and go on refreshed.

Soon she came to the third Station where again the multitude of hard questions made her heart quake and her head ache. A pass card was again given her, however, and again a new title by which she would be known, the heart-gladdening name of Senior. Forthwith, she began to look about her for the Spring which she knew must be near, from which she needs must drink, and must also fill her vials from the flagons of the tried Guardians of the Spring.

So I saw in my dream that thereafter she made haste and went forward that betimes she might gain the top of the hill. Still shone the golden letters upon her breast, and the companions she had met along the way became more and more dear. Flowers were blossoming all about; the sun shone bright and birds sang from every tree, making the end of the journey pleasant. As she neared the top of the hill she came to an Arbor filled with merry folk. She, with some who walked beside her, entered in and found such pleasantness and good will that Senior and her companions were minded to act a play for the merry folk, which play was named

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"Rebecca." In this mimicry Senior and her companions did so foolishly disport themselves that it gave much merriment to the young folk in the Arbor, in so much that they pressed Senior and her companions to tarry with them. Senior answered that she could in no wise tarry but must once more take up her journey, and with a tear in her eye, she fared forth on her way.

Senior had not been long in the way when her eyes were drawn to a pleasant field by the wayside where she beheld many people sitting about upon the grass. Small groups of persons were standing in their midst engaged in hot dispute. One group was talking learnedly and in loud tones about Railroads, another group was discussing, with equal earnestness—with flashing eye and speaking hand, Old-age Pensions. A little apart sat two or three whose garments denoted sobriety and wisdom. These indeed, were they who should pronounce judgment on the disputes to which they listened. No sooner had Senior entered among them, than she was hailed by either group to make haste and lend her voice to their cause. Gladly did Senior yield herself to their entreaties, for she delights in much talk.

Finally she came near to the Lodge of the Palace, which seemed full of busy folk. Some were seated here and there on the grass, bending over tablets upon which they indited their quills. Their heads were bowed, their faces set, and anon they tore their hair. Senior passed by them unnoticed and entered the Lodge. Here many more, with bowls of ink beside them, were hastily inditing, while others were busy with scissors and paste. In their midst stood one who seemed rooted in the depths of a great calm. They called her Chief Ed. who when she saw Senior approach, moved toward her and falling upon her neck and with great emotion led her to a stool beside a pot of paste. Then galley after galley poured in upon the astonished Senior until she was quite overwhelmed. At last Chief Ed. seeing her troubled countenance, informed her that a great Book was in making which would glorify a great people bearing individually the mystic number 18. With tremulous heart and bated breath Senior bent to the work, overjoyed to have even a humble share in so great a matter. Through an open door Senior beheld nymph-like figures a-many, standing while attendants with fingers of magic draped about them gowns of exquisitely delicate texture, shining white. While Senior was gazing upon these things amazedly, she was summoned into another part of the Lodge, where sat a forbidding looking one holding a Scroll, from which he read, in sepulchral tones, the questions which Senior needs must answer in order to pass, white-gowned, from the Lodge to the Palace of Graduation.

Finally, however, all was ended according to her heart's desire and Senior, white-robed and light-hearted, presented herself in the Hall of the Palace to receive Crown and Rose and Roll from the lord of the hill. And behold! gathered round about her there, were the kindly Guardians of the four Springs from which she had drunk on the way. Their faces were glad, and their hands were uplifted over her in benediction.

Thus ended in happiness and joyance of spirit the doleful Progress of Freshman from the Spring at the foot of the Hill, up the steep road Difficulty, through the several stages of metamorphosis of Sophomore, Junior and Senior, to the top of the Hill unto Graduation.

—Lois E. Fisher.

Commercial Class History

IT IS fitting that now, at the end of our High School days, after two busy years spent in the pursuit of knowledge and skill in the business world, we should stop for a moment in the rush of these closing days, and glance backward before the curtain which is slowly closing upon us, shut out the reality of the past. For behind these pleasant days of graduation were other days, days of sustained effort, faithful plodding, and well-deserved success, which must not slip by unnoticed, and which the Class of 1918 is proud to recall.

When in September, 1916, a body of beginners entered the beautiful halls of Nazareth, the minds of the timid as well as those of the brave were filled with a distant vision of triumph when they should be among the graduates ready to fill a place in the business world beyond Nazareth's portals. And now that that far off day has come, our minds naturally go back to those early longings and desires and unconsciously we contrast our present hopes with them. How differently we feel, think and even act! Surely, two years have wrought a great change.

At our entrance into school the classes were divded into three groups. We were taught the first principles of bookkeeping, typewriting and shorthand and, with very few exceptions, each girl entered into her studies with one view ahead of her—efficient preparation. During the first year many important school activities took place. English was a delightful subject and when we came to the Odyssey, we wandered happily with the crafty Ulyssses, and with him returned with haunting experiences.

Never has a year gone more quickly than this one, and we find with surprise and regret that it is now time for Commencement. Still we hold some very treasured memories of this our last year at dear Nazareth. One important event which will hold a place in our hearts was looked forward to as much as graduation itself. This was our Annual Retreat. And truly it was one to be remembered.

And now while the curtain is closing behind us, let us look before us this time—into the future which lies in waiting. The real test of our strength is at hand, and our coming triumphs will reflect on you, Alma Mater. Let us step across this threshold with a determination to make the future history of 1918 more brilliant than its past has been. May our thoughts and endeavors be directed toward the things worth while in life, and may they spring from the same purpose which has led us through our High School work—to give the best that is in us while striving to win.

With hearts o'erflowing with gratitude and affection, we bid farewell to dear Nazareth, the home of our pleasant school days.

Irene Kupferschmidt.

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The Nazareth Girl

There is a young lady good-tempered and sweet,
To see her and hear her is always a treat.
She amuses herself in some pleasant way,
Takes care nót to worry by night or by day.
Her friends all can trust her they very well know;
She is welcome, most welcome, where'r she may go.

—Mary Lucile.

The Junior Class

NEVER was the lot of a Junior Class cast in a more critical time. The world is engulfed in a maelstrom of war and the blood of thousands is saturating the fields of Picardy! We have sent our gallant brothers and friends forth to combat for victory while we must stay at home and aid our government, as no Junior Class has ever done, lest the blood of countless thousands which is now causing the world to reek, will have been spilled in vain.

Our Junior year is speeding on the wings of time as the preceding years have done, but we can still recall with what unconcealed joy many of us first took our places in that silent (?) study hall as Juniors. How willingly did we abandon our formidable Caesar books to make the acquaintance of one Marcus Tullius Cicero (whose orations would have been mere attempts had our oral English class been in existence in the good old days when Catiline conspired and Archias' citizenship was questioned) for we are not "slackers." Although patriotism and a supreme love for the glorious stars and stripes reigned in the heart of each and every one of us, some of us struggled with the language of a hostile nation, while others indulged in studying the language of a people which has sacrificed its youth in the war for democracy. Spain, which as yet is untouched by the ravages of the horrible scourge, lured many others of our class to acquaint themselves with its beautiful language and incidentally to hear about its olive groves and sunny skies. Chemistry and Physics with their complex experiments certainly did not offer the enjoyment of a drawing class, but we have become quite well acquainted even with these subjects which are such a help to our boys "over there."

Therefore, with perseverance, we can succeed in going "Over the Top," after which we shall be fully prepared to go out into the world, to combat under God's glorious banner and eventually to win as we hope our soldiers, virtuous and brave, will have done ere then.

—Estelle C. Biedenbach, Class of 1919.

The Sophomores

YES, we "Went over the Top"; that is, we faced the gigantic guns of the Freshmen examinations and came out as victors without a dint in our armor plate. Real factors in the schools and with the added distinction of being the initial class of the New Nazareth, we marched on with Caesar, saw, and conquered. In Drawing and Geometry, mysteries unheard of unfolded themselves. English we made our strong ally with either French, the language of those heroic friends or the past, or Spanish, the language of the Dons and destined to become an important asset in the business world. Thus we plodded along as all hard-working (?) Sophomores do, not ankle-deep in mud and mire, but to a greater depth in our studies. We added to our duties the patriotic one of Red Cross Work. We are now full-fledged members of the Red Cross Junior League and happy to do our "bit" in "Making the World Safe for Democracy."

And now that our second year of Academic life is over, we are looking forward with joyous expectation to our Junior year, and our hope is that it may be as happy as the two former years have been and be fraught with memories, dear and golden, as those of the blessed past.

However, with all the sacrifices that may be demanded of us in the future, darkened as the world is with the clouds of war and strife, may the Class of 1920 feel with Lincoln, whose career we have studied from the pen of Carl Schurz, the full import of that great leader's message to the American people:

> "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and orphans; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

—Ruth I. Cullinan, '20.

Freshmen Notes

NO ringing of bells nor blowing of trumpets announced the entrance of 1921 into the lofty halls of Nazareth Academy. Quietly and unobtrusively we took our part in the routine of duties and pleasures of the institution and, being the largest entering class ever enrolled, bid fair to become an important factor in the High School Life.

With fast beating hearts, we encountered the declensions and conjugations of Latin, while with difficulty we waded through the inextricable mazes of Algebra problems. But what affected us most was "Bugology" with its slippery eels and wiggle fishes.

Algebra was like an enormous dreadnought, sweeping down in forms of x's and y's on her unfortunate Victims. Latin proved to be rooting up instead of burying Caesar's good and bad deeds.

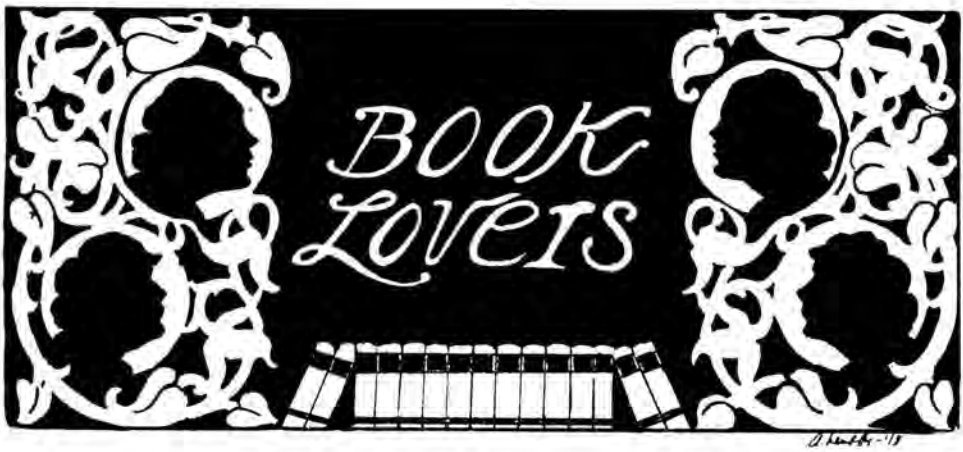
To continue our Freshman notes would take me into the realms of the future so with pardonable pride, in the past, we look forward with the brightest hopes for the future and feel that just in proportion as we reflect honor on our Alma Mater, will our high school life prove a success.

—Madeline Drumm.

The Unthinkable

Monica Saffron and Irene Guenthner on time for school;
Leona Sullivan without her giggle;
Our Edna Hart on stilts;
Frances Maguire taking her time;
Helen Freida reading her own composition;
Catherine White without her gum;
Loraine Bertsch with an unprepared lesson;
Gertrude Smyth heard on her way;
Laura Cunneran without some good advice;
Monica Leahy without a "Movie" magazine;
Marion Harvey without her knitting bag;
Emily Braun not knowing what to do;
Irene LaPlante keeping her own seat during class;
Sybilla Koch talking out loud;
Ruth Rauber lost for an answer;
Mary Feltz back from lunch on time;
Loretta Mayer without her jack knife;
Ruth Donahue's seat always filled;
Marion Pfaff without a smile;
Elizabeth O'Meara excited over anything;
Marie Macauley and Grace Duffy letting a mistake pass by;
Irene Kupferschmidt wasting her time;
Sophia Updaw wondering what to say next;
Lenore Ritz and Katherine Klee, not together.

BETA PHI CLUB



The Book Lovers Club

WITH the opening of school in September, '17, came the reorganization of the Beta Phi or Book Lovers' Club. This literary society founded several years ago, includes in its membership pupils from the Senior and Junior Academic and the Senior Commercial classes.

The Beta Phi Club of '17-18 set out to surpass the club work of former years. The members showed their capability of selecting for efficiency, when they elected the following officers for the year: President, Dorothy McGrath; Vice-President, Raymona McCarthy; Secretary, Mary Lucile Pennock; and Treasurer, Esther Tobin.

Among the speakers who have given us delightful and profitable hours during the past year, we are pleased to include Reverend Doctor Breen, who spoke on the Temporal Power of the Pope. The Reverend William P. Ryan was our guest at the meeting on Columbus' Day. The Reverend W. Foery gave us a most interesting and delightful talk on Canon Sheehan and his works. Mr. Sias of West High School discussed Milton, his life and works. This was especially helpful to the Seniors, since Milton is one of the special studies of their course.

To Miss Amy La Vigne, a former Nazareth pupil, we owe our sincere thanks for the delightful readings given at one of the club meetings. It was our great pleasure to have Reverend Joseph E. Grady address us on Liberty Day. Father Grady took as his topic the third liberty loan and certain phases of the war, especially our attitude towards the cause as American women and the principles that should actuate us during and after the war. Our annual goes to press before the end of our meetings. We are looking forward to a talk from Reverend Edward Meagher of St. Bernard's Seminary on Frederick Ozanam, the great French scholar and philanthropist, whose name is still held in veneration throughout the world.

The literary feature of some of our meetings was planned and carried out by the members themselves. We had one afternoon with the New England poets. Another afternoon was made interesting by a debate by members of the Senior Class on the question: Resolved, That the Government retain permanently the ownership of railroads. Both sides were forceful and clear in their well-delivered arguments, but the victory was adjudged to the negative side. At another meeting we had the stories of some of the great operas with the Victrola accompaniment. This meeting was especially enjoyed.

Although the main features of our Club are literary, we still find time for occasional social activities. Among these social happenings of the year were: A Thanksgiving party, a pre-Lenten "spread," and we are looking forward to a May party as the Grand Finale.

We wish to express our appreciation of the various speakers of the year who have so generously given their time and have come to Nazareth to lecture for us. Every one who has been kind enough to address our club this year has been a source of inspiration and has given us great pleasure. To the officers of the Beta Phi who have so earnestly endeavored to make the club a success we offer our deepest appreciation. We assure them of the general agreement of the members, that the year's activities in the club have been highly pleasing and successful. It is our ardent hope and desire that the Juniors who are soon to step into our places, will conduct the club as zealously and successfully as the members of former years. We trust that they will continue to live up to our motto: "Only the best."

OFFICERS OF BETA PHI

Abbe Patrice Flynn

THE year 1918 marks an important Era in the history of Rochester and of our school. One of the events that made this year a memorable one was the visit of the Abbe Patrice Flynn to our city and to Nazareth. The great Abbe accompanied Viviani and General Joffre on an official visit to America, being sent by the French government. The other two returned to France after a few weeks, leaving the eloquent Abbe to visit the great cities of the country and to speak to the American people on the experiences of his four years in the trenches. The great man was invited to Rochester by the Chamber of Commerce to be the guest of honor at a dinner. His address on that occasion was electrifying, as were all his talks at the great industrial centers of the city, and at the mass meeting in Convention Hall, where before the lecture of th eevening, he spoke for a few minutes from a balcony, in the rain to the three thousand people who could not gain access to the Hall.

One afternoon during his stay in Rochester, he spoke to the teachers of the city, at the East High School, and to our great delight, he even found time to visit Nazareth Academy. The pupils were assembled in the Auditorium, and indeed they considered it a great honor to the school to receive a visit from the gentle French Army Chaplain who had already done four years heroic service among the soldiers of France. It was good for us to hear the simple but thrilling words of patriotic devotion that fell from the lips of the Abbe. It was good to hear him say, "My boys," and tell of the loyalty and courage and goodness of "My boys." It was inspiring and touching to hear of the soldiers assisting at Mass in a dugout, with the temperature below zero, and the roar of cannon constantly in their ears.

We were impressed deeply not only by the experiences related by the Abbe, but also by the man himself—the gentle priest with winning manner and heart of gold, with a face lit up by the intensity of a great purpose, and the consciousness of the supreme sacrifice that doubtless awaits his return to the post of duty.

All who heard him felt that he was speaking for a just cause and that he was working for the glory of God and the betterment of all nations. The half hour he spent with us passed very quickly and we were loathe to say good-bye. But I am sure that the words of appeal and of sacrifice of Abbe Patrice Flynn have remained buried in the heart of everyone who was so fortunate as to be at Nazareth on April 16, 1918.

—A. Helen O'Connell.

Our Annual Retreat

"I am master of my fate, I am captain of my soul."

THE Retreat, held according to custom, in Holy Week, has for its purpose the bringing forcibly before us of the great truth embodied in the words quoted. A Retreat presupposes the withdrawal from the usual routine of school life. During this time we learn how best to master ourselves, how to guide our own souls in the light of the Holy Spirit of God. Retreat is a period of spiritual study, a time of meditation and prayer. We learn not only what we should do but how and why we should do it. The lessons of the soul are as often taught in the quiet heart by God Himself as by the speaker who prepares our hearts for the Heavenly Teacher.

Father Eckart, who had been giving a mission in the city, opened the exercises because Father Healy, the director of the Retreat, could not reach the city on Sunday.

Each day we had Holy Mass, spiritual reading, Way of the Cross, and conferences. The last make us deeply indebted to Father Healy, a Dominican, whose simple, direct and forceful manner of speaking compelled a deep reverent attention. Not in vain was our attention given, for the beautiful talks of those quiet days will remain long with us. The value of our priceless heritage, the Faith, the sufficiency of God's grace for every soul and above all our duty as Catholic girls, were presented to us in a way not soon to be forgotten.

The peace and quiet of the auditorium, transformed into a chapel, induced a spiritual calm—an atmosphere which brings high thought and deep feeling. Who can say that this time of close communion with that great Teacher is time lost? Each life must testify how well Christ's promise, to those gathered together in His name, has been fulfilled.

In these busy, anxious days how good it seems to stop and rest awhile in Christ, to think of the great realities, the great verities of life, of death and of the great hereafter. These opportunities of special, intensive spiritual introspection, intensive study of our individual relation to God, to our neighbor and to ourselves, directed by a wise, experienced guide, cannot but have great influence for good in the formation of life principles, in giving saner views of what is worth while in that life which is now opening before each of us. At such times we are favored by glimpses of that higher spiritual life which often produces an awakening of all that is best in our souls,—an awakening that sets us firmly on the pathway of the most perfect womanhood, gentle and helpful and beautiful, or on the pathway that leads to sacrifice as heroic as that which now challenges the admiration of all peoples for all time on the war-reddened fields of France.

We who are leaving school at the close of this year may make many Retreats in the years to come, but not as school-girls at Nazareth. For us the Retreat of our Senior year will always have a special significance and will be sweetly remembered.

—Dorothy McGrath.

Dramatics

IT HAS been customary every year for the senior class to present a play at Thanksgiving. This year, for several reasons, the seniors kept the under classes in suspense until December 7 and 8 when we gave them a real surprise by dramatizing "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." To say that it was a success would be putting it lightly. We fairly captured our audience. It indeed seemed remarkable that one class should possess such remarkable talent. Raymona McCarthy played the part of Rebecca, and everyone who knows Raymona and has heard her many clever witticisms, may believe it was played to perfection with many original embellishments. Mary Lucile Pennock and Gertrude Paille took the role of the Sawyer aunts, and each impersonated her character creditably. The masculine roles were an important feature for they were performed so well that the feminine personnel could scarcely be distinguished. Catherine Reynolds was an ideal Mr. Ladd, while Louise Murray and Helen O'Connell were typical clergymen in every respect. Madeline Krewer acted Mr. Cobb and furnished the audience with many a laugh by her clever acting and impersonating of this old-fashioned character. Lois O'Hara, who was Mrs. Cobb, added much to making the play a success. It seemed incredible that the missionary children, Dorothy Sheehan and Marion Pfaff, could be seniors, instead of the tiny children they impersonated. Other parts were taken by Mary Louise Creegan, Evelyn Strauss and Mary White, all of whom are to be commended.

Three weeks later the annual Christmas entertainment was held on St. Thomas' Day, at which an originally arranged legend of the life of St. Thomas was presented. Juniors were admitted to this cast but many of our talented members were asked to again display their dramatic ability. The gorgeous oriental costumes was an important feature. Cecilia Frey, who played the part of king, deserves praise for her interpretation of regal majesty.

These two plays were the only exhibitions of home talent to which the entire school and public were invited. Nevertheless, many scenes from Macbeth were enacted with true dramatic skill in our English class. No oversetting of stage marred the fine effect. "The play was the thing." It is to be regretted that the public in general, not to mention the under-classes could not have been present at these performances. We believe that nothing like them in point of dramatic intensity and sureness of effect has been presented on the professional stage these many years.

Last, but not least, we wish to recall the highly enjoyable afternoon we spent listening to President Southwick of Emerson in "Cardinal Richelieu." It was a great source of instruction as well as entertainment. We have had the opportunity of hearing President Southwick of Emerson College several times during our course. Consequently, all looked forward to his coming this year with delighted anticipation. We sincerely hope that future classes may have as many splendid opportunities of hearing this master of his art as we have had. Furthermore, we hope that all dramatic attempts of the coming classes may prove as successful as ours.

—Gertrude Paille.

Improbe Amor, Quid Non Mortalia Pectora Cogis

There's something in the air,
That's new and strange and rare,
A tinge of unusual sadness,
Has dimmed the Virgil class' gladness.

There's something, too, appalls,
In the stillness of the halls,
And the solemn progression,
Of their mournful procession.

And all the sad ones wear
Their long disheveled hair;
And each a gloomy bow,
The symbol of their woe.

In woe's drear trappings dress
Their veiled heads suggest
Grim death and funeral show—
Dido to death doth go.

And now the halls resound,
With the sad and mournful sound,
Of Vale! Vale! Vale!
To echo human folly.

At length when she'd gone up in smoke,
One of the wise Virgilites spoke,
"O silly, silly, silly, to have so quickly died,
When more fish than Aeneas in the ocean, do abide."

—Dorothy E. Sheehan.

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Vers Libre

Dorothy came to school
Yesterday
With a big magazine
Under her arm.
That dear child is so
Magnanimous
That when she was asked
To make a book cover
For drawing,
She made enough
For a set!
A dozen of 'em!!

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Big attractions all this week:
Big Show! Don't miss it!!
The Hazards of Helen!!!
—Any day in French.
A Tale of Unrequited Love—Virgil
Latest war news with explanations—English

U100'S
ASHES

Our Soldier Poet

OUT of the stress, the stern realities and the exaltation of our times, many whose songs have lifted our thoughts and our hearts in former years, have received newer and deeper inspiration; and the trump of war has summoned new spirits to the literary roll-call. Poets are developing and their singing is the sweeter for the discord around us. Among the younger poets there is none more appealing, perhaps, than Joyce Kilmer. In days gone by it was held best to read the works of dead authors, for living writers sometimes disappoint us in their daily lives and so tarnish the beauty of their work. Though this ruling may not hold to-day, yet Joyce Kilmer is admirable, both as a man and as an author.

Mr. Kilmer is a man of culture, resulting from a full, rich life spent in various literary occupations. We have had the benefit of his artistic literary taste not only in his own writings, in the two volumes which he calls respectively, Trees and Main Street, but also in his Anthology of Catholic Poets, as editor of the poetry column of the Literary Digest and in many other literary and critical works. But he has laid aside his professional labors for a time. He has left children and wife, his tender love for whom is immortalized in many charming poems dedicated to Aline.

In his withdrawal from a career so aluring and so promising, we read not the flash, but the strong, steady gleam of a noble spirit whose fires were kindled by the lightenings of truth and right. The message of his winged thought that so delighted and impressed us, has been transmuted into deeds at the clarion call of his country. He has nobly substantiated the sentiments of his own martial song:

Is freedom only a Will-o'-the-wisp,
To cheat the poet's eye?
Be it phantom or fact, 'tis a noble cause,
In which to sing and to die!

Mr. Kilmer is now in France, serving in the Army of the United States. Shortly after our entrance into the war, when the call for men was issued, "Because he carried in his soul the courage of his song," he enlisted, not for the officers' training camp, but as a private, although above the draft age.

Lovers of literature must admire the artist in Mr. Kilmer entirely aside from the personality of the man; but his qualities as a man make the artist doubly dear. He has been called the most human of the poets of the younger generation. His allegiance to the Catholic Church, to which he is a convert, has resulted in strengthening in him his peculiar lyrical gifts. Indeed, he is especially happy in the lyrical quality of his verse. This quality in conjunction with his deeply religious nature has given us some exquisite devotional poetry. We are glad to feel that this poet in Khaki—a Knight of the last Crusade—is also a Knight of Our Lady. The chivalrous, sweet tone of his poems will, in all probability, be strengthened and deepened by his experiences in the great conflict, for he himself tells us, "They only sing who are struck dumb by God."

Some may look upon Mr. Kilmer's enlistment as a mad casting away of priceless gifts. How ignoble, this thought! "God doth not need either man's work or His own best gifts." Poetry is a vocation, a high calling; but when the world is poised above an abyss into which it threatens to

plunge, a **man** will do the duty nearest him. Moreover, we do not doubt that with God's protection, he will return to us more worthy of our reverence than before. Mr. Kilmer will have the same experiences, sad and dreadful, that many another man will have; but he will view them with a poet's soul. Yet, if God should require of him the supreme sacrifice, we know that our hero would meet it with the high consciousness that

"Those love truth best who to themselves are true,
And what they dare to dream of dare to do.
They see her plumed and mailed,
With sweet, stern face unveiled.
Her all-repaying eyes look proud on them in death."

Ours would be the tears and grief, not his. He would utter again his own burning words, written for Rupert Brooke:

But let no cloud of lamentation be,
Where on a warrior's grave, a lyre is hung.
We keep the echoes of his golden tongue,
We keep the echoes of his chivalry.

Yet we look forward confidently and ardently to the return of Mr. Kilmer, with the return of peace. Indeed, we are even planning a personal meeting with our hero poet. These days of our country's peril need men. These days are indeed, the test of the souls of men. But the time that will come with the coming of peace, will bring still greater need for men—men with vision, clear-eyed, far-seeing. A leader among men in the days to come, we hope to see in the person of Joyce Kilmer.

—Dorothy C. McGrath.

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Sweet and Low

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Murmurs our fair Genesee,
Low, low, as it ripples slow,
Murmurs our fair Genesee.
Grand are the cataracts made by thy flow,
Stately thy falls and thy windings below,
Gliding adown to the sea,
Dear to each Naz'reth girl, loved by each Naz'reth girl be.

Glide and flow, glide and flow,
Ever our own Genesee,
Go, go, teach us to grow
Strong like thee, Genesee.
May we, too, follow our course as ordained
By us the precepts of Truth be maintained,
Coursing adown to the Sea,
Cheering, refreshing and leaving a blessing like thee.

A. Louise Murray.

The Rime of the Modern Junior

It was a knowing junior girl,
And she stoppeth seniors three.
By her furtive eye and eager mien,
Great trouble might they see.

The drawing class assembled stood,
And there she should have been.
Their knowing looks, o'er drawing books
Tells that the ice is thin.

She holds them by her pleading looks,
"Where shall I hide," quoth she?
"Alas! How know we where 'tis safe,
But in the library."

A sound is heard from the great hall,
And Lois stopped stock still,
And listens like a three years child;—
With fear, their kind hearts fill.

Then to the library she hied,
(She knew no place but here);
Then studied well her Latin III,—
This Junior, in great fear.

Braver and braver Lois grew.
So fleet the moments pass,
Eftsoons the message came to her,
"Report in drawing class."

The truant paced into the room,
Red as a rose was she;
Nodding their heads in laughter sat
The class in misery.

The captured guest, was then addressed
While we pressed close to hear.
And thus she told the doleful tale
That cost us, oh, so dear.

"A sudden illness came, and I
Grew tremulous, and weak;
I could not think of drawing class
When all my bones did creak."

Successfully, her knavish plea,
All out of fiction wrought,
Released her. Then, of Latin III,
A swift review she sought.

Report spread here, report spread there,
Report spread all around,
The hearers growl'd and roar'd and howl'd
Like noises in a swound.

Laughter, laughter everywhere,
Until our sides did shrink.
Laughter, laughter everywhere,
What could the teachers think?

"Here! Here!" (one cried) "I'll hear no more!
How fares your Cicero?
Exams must come this afternoon
To work us Juniors woe."

The question papers soon were passed
Oh, haply might we sink
Beneath the floor, beneath the earth,—
Our brains refused to think.

We read them and looked sideways up!
Fear at our hearts, as at a cup
Our knowledge seemed to sip.
Ah! We were in a sorry plight,
But Lois' face gleamed very bright,
From her swift pen translations drip't,
Till clanging gongs did then unbar
The Junior class, "with one bright star"—
Nor finished was their script.

"Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, O Juniors all!—
She doeth well, who cutteth well
A class, where work doth pall.

She standeth best, who knoweth best
How to evade most work.
When talent is bestow'd on thee
Why not thy lessons shirk?

The Monitor, who seemed so kind
Her innings now doth score
In full; and now the vanguished ones
Turn from the Schoolroom door.

They went like ones that had been stunn'd
And were of sense forlorn;
But better trained in strategy,
They woke the morrow morn.

A Louise Murray.

A Love Story

RHYME and rythm is a bother, lines and spaces, too; so I'll run this all together and maybe it'll do. For I must write about Aeneas who went sailing o'er the sea and brought a lot of trouble to my Virgil class and me. (You may think it rather funny where there's so much my and mine, but I take it from the classics where they do it all the time.) We all felt so very happy when we got him out of Troy that I feared for my dear classmates, I was 'fraid they'd die of joy. We thought the worst was over with and now would come some fun, but alas for hopes —we soon found out the worst was yet to come!

For no sooner had we landed him on Africa's fair shore, than he got into worse trouble than he ever had before; for he straightway met fair Dido who was ruling many lands and before we realized it—they had published marriage bans—!!! Of course it was an awful shock, but now he couldn't roam, when he settled down and married he'd just to stay at home. But we were walking in the dark, with no Sibyl's torch to light us, when we found out what our hero did—we all got Virgilitis, for while we were so happy one bright and glorious day, our hero did an awful thing —he up and ran away. We took it simply awful (we take things like that, bad) and we quite agreed with Dido, that Aeneas made us mad.

It's awful hard on us to have our hero act like that. If he wasn't so entrancing, and was only bald and fat!

Well, I s'pose you want to know the end, your curious, I bet, so I'll just clear up the hero, the rest I don't know yet. Poor Dido took cold poison (that is tragedy you know); but in our hero's time, I guess there was no Romeo. For he went sailing off again to the fair Lavinian shore and never gave another thought to Dido any more. Disgusted looks, I'm sure must greet a love that ends like this, so I'll take a timely warning and mark this line,

FINIS.

R. McC.

Helen's Failure

Helen never liked to sew,
Why I cannot tell,
For surely we are always told,
Girls should in this excel.
Her work she always loses
When sewing day comes round,
And everywhere her good friends search,
But it cannot be found.
Camouflage she calls it,
Dear reader, do not start,
When you find out her reason,—
"Palpitation of the Heart."

A Week in Seniordom

MONDAY:

THIS is the one day of the week which all teachers enjoy, because every Senior **knows** her lessons. Generally on this day, on our arrival in French class, we are requested to procure another note-book. I fear the Senior class will become financially embarrassed, and what is more, the supply on hand, is now so great that I propose we send the books "Over there," so that our boys may profit by our great labors. We especially recommend sending the one containing the "phony" pronounciation. By careful study of this book I think they can make themselves understood by our French allies; and if not, the French class would be delighted to know it.

TUESDAY:

Horrors of war! To-day we have drawing and not a soul can find her Prang pencil or her night-work. But cheer-up, Mary L. found her pencil in Dorothy's desk and Lois found her night-work in Cath.——but that would be telling. Cette apris-midi, walking through the corridors, I was wondering why her ladyship Mary Lucile, insisted on promenading back and forth, before a certain door-way but being an intimate friend of Sherlock Holmes I soon discovered that the said young lady had developed another **"case"** within the last ten minutes. This seems to be a favorite pastime of hers besides chewing on a certain person's collar in French class.

WEDNESDAY:

To-day the seniors have singing and with joyful hearts and light steps we go to the "gym" to exercise our vocal chords. The sounds issuing from the room, doubtless seem to the underclasses, something like a steam —but to us it is silvery song. After singing ourselves hoarse, we ease our throats by assimilating the best dinner of the entire week, namely, hot roast beef sandwiches and fried potatoes and five cents worth of candy. This lasts us, until about 2:15 when the pangs of hunger often send us into the culinary department.

THURSDAY:

At 2:15 Thursdays when we have been planning to get home early **to study** or to "keep an appointment with the dentist," we are suddenly awakened from our reverie on our arrival in the Study Hall, when we come face to face with the sewing teachers. It has been rumored, that after the careful instructions received, the girls intend to make their own dresses, even though it will take 52 weeks to complete one. Lois, a visitor in sewing class, is still making a button-hole she started five weeks ago. Nevertheless she furnishes the fun. Helen is thinking seriously of becoming a fashionable dressmaker, because she shows such aesthetic taste, putting seams in the most modish places possible. After the sewing-bags are put away and we have decided to go home, someone stops you in the Hall and informs you that an audience awaits you in the "drawing room."

FRIDAY:

Of all the days in the week Friday is most dear to a Senior's heart. Even though you have to "trim" perilously in every class throughout the day, the one thought predominant in your mind is, "It is Friday"; and you rake up your resources of bluff quite grimly. We even consent to attend Beta Phi in the hope that we will have a spread and a frolic, provided the janitor doesn't want to sweep the "gym." Finally when we go home and leave the dear old building behind, all, I am sure, are singing these words in their hearts, "When you come to the end of a perfect day."

—M. Krewer.

Smile

Smile, when the world looks dreary,
Smile when the world goes wrong,
Smile when things are not so cheery,
Smile when ills around you throng,
Don't grumble when you're tired,
Don't fret when you are sad,
But just brace up, and with a smile,
Pretend that you are glad.

When Mother says, "Now, Mary,"
Don't stop and hesitate,
But answer with a generous smile,
Don't stay to arbitrate.
We'd have no country here to-day,
If Abe and George were apt to whine,
But when they lost a battle, they
Would just look up and smile, and say,
"Well we can't win them all the time."

So let us all be soldiers, too,
And smile when we're distress't
Bright smiles are ever good, you know,
And smiles become us best.

—Lucille Fitzgerald.

In the Class Room

Some people are born 'neath a bright, lucky star,
And go thru' this world with a smile;
My fate seems to lie in lines different far,
Hard luck sticks to me all the while.

One day in the class-room, I found, don't you see,
A story that was a fine treat,
But when "some one" missed it, she didn't miss me,
Then I tasted the bitter instead of the sweet.

—M. Plunkett.

The Parting

O! May we ne'er forget the hours,
Wherever we may be,
We've spent within dear Nazareth's walls,
With careless hearts and free.

Through joys and tears of coming years,
Whate'er of ill befalls,
Our thoughts will travel back with pride
To dear old Nazareth's halls.

And though the years our paths divide,
Our dear Academy
Will bind us still with golden links
Of sweetest memory.

Oh, may each link gain added strength
To keep us one and all
Together yet as when we met
In dear old Nazareth's halls.

The hours we've spent at Nazareth
Have cheered the weary day,
And filled the heart with new-found hope,
When all the sky was gray.

Then for each hour that Nazareth
Has touched with rosy light,
Let's sing before the curtain falls,
Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!

—Helen O'Connell.

The Last Will and Testament of the Class of 1918

THE pleasant years of Academic School life are almost ended. We are sad to feel the ties that have bound us together, slowly severing. We are about to say "Goodbye" to our school-girl world and enter into a new life. Therefore, considering the approaching dissolution and being of sound mind and memory, We, the Class of 1918, do make and publish, this, our last will and testament, bequeathing all our earthly possessions in the manner and form as follows:

I. To our Alma Mater we bequeath a bright page in her history, which will increase in glory as the years go by. We also leave the "Liberty Tree" planted on "Arbor Day."

II. To our Right Reverend Bishop we bequeath the sole right to occupy the chair in the photograph of each succeeding class, which shall be placed in the Hall of Fame—that is, the south corridor.

III. To Reverend Mother Agnes we leave the Academy green-house, of which we appoint Sister Teresa Marie superintendent. She shall see that proper care is given the plants and flowers, contained therein and that a proper return of products be duly forwarded to the aforesaid appointee.

IV. To Reverend Father Simpson, our instructor in Religion, we bequeath a chart, on which shall be placed in alphabetical order the names of the pupils in the Senior Class, arranged for his use when he begins the review. We think this will be more convenient than the more laborious method of designating by the color of sweater worn.

V. To the Junior Class we leave a new Victrola, to be placed in the English Class room, with the understanding that it be played whenever the students become brain weary after their struggle with Burke and

Macbeth. Among the records shall be several on the opera, entitled, "The Rhine Gold," which story is illustrated beautifully in the art of said room.

VI. To the Sophomore class we bequeath a small book, entitled, "The Art of Camouflage," containing successful ways of cutting classes, producing excuses, and enjoying oneself in study periods. This book is positively safe and reliable as it has been written by a trustworthy member of our class, who is past master in the art.

VII. To the freshies, we leave a store of good sense; likewise our rejected pieces in Drawing to be preserved by them until they enter the storms of Junior and Senior Years. This is no small donation for an extensive collection of said drawings are preserved in the class archives.

VIII. To our teachers, we leave a store of patience and sympathy that they may be to other classes, what they have been to ours. They were ever ready to help us in the highest ways and have proved themselves our true friends during our happy years at Nazareth.

IX. To dear Sister Marcella, we bequeath a finely cut jewel whose facets gleam with the varied light of the beautiful qualities fostered at Nazareth,—firm faith, righteous ambition and womanly gentleness, set in fine gold of the love and appreciation of the Class of '18.

Having thus disposed of all our earthly possessions, with the intention that those receiving them may be benefited thereby, We appoint as our executrix, Sister M. Marcella, giving her the right to enforce the terms and conditions before set down, and we do hereby on the tenth day of June, affix the name and seal of Testator—The Class of 1918.

Witnesses—Mary Lucile Pennock,
Madeline Krewer.

✣

Codicil of the Senior Commercial Class of '18

First: To our dear Alma Mater we bequeath our subscription to the Liberty Bond, the yearly interest of which will be used in furnishing the Domestic Science Room.

Second: We wish to extend to our Right Reverend Bishop Thomas F. Hickey, a standing invitation to give frequent dictation to the Commercial stenographers.

Third: To Reverend Mother Agnes we will, from the Class of 1919, as many Postulants as she makes visits to the school.

Fourth: To Sister M. Marcella we leave our test papers to be used for reference when recommending us as "Ideal Secretaries."

Fifth: To Reverend Father Simpson, our religous instructor, we give permission to finish his sentence after the gong rings.

Sixth: We herewith resign our position as editors of the "English Efficiency Gazette" to the English class and will to them the supply of typewriting paper now in our possession, to be used for its publication.

Seventh: To the class in Commercial Law, we will our decisions of the cases given in the Law Book, as precedents in the settlements of their cases.

Eighth: To our teachers we gratefully bequeath the memories of our faultless work in all our studies; and the privilege of using such recollections to inspire studiousness among the future pupils.

We hereby appoint Sister William Marie to be the executrix of this, our Last Will and Testament.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, We hereunto set our hand and seal, this 24th day of April, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and eighteen. Testator—The Senior Commercial Class of '18.

Witnesses—Marie Macauley,
Loraine Bertsch.

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Dress Parade

Gentle friends, your attention a while I would claim,
To Nazareth's fair daughters, whom I shall o'ername,
I know you'll admire them, so calm and serene,
The well-beloved girls of the Class of Eighteen.

And first, our two Dorothys,—mark them full well,
With Lois; their praises our chronicles tell.
They were the stars of our bright firmament,
And oft to tried comrades, a helpful push lent.

Then Lois O'Hara, a damsel discrete,
She spent many hours at Demosthenes' feet.
Raymona now stands at Athena's bright gate,—
She promises fair as a pillar of state.

Oh, now I might raise a glad peon bold,
And to the wide world Gertrude's merits unfold.
Just watch, she'll be heard from, now mind what I say;
And Dot Sheehan we count as 18's tried mainstay.

Of all the fair damsels upon whom we gaze,
There are two whom we love for their sweet, winning ways;
They are Mary and Anna, our two "sister lights"
On occasions they set off on Pegasus-flights.

In Virgil's arena where fine powers are tried,
Our Esther and Catherine lift high our pride;
They'll demonstrate for us their linguistic power
And bring aid to the helpless in danger's dark hour.

Oh, here are two wights to whom Fate has been kind,
They may not be o'erfond of things of the mind;
And yet our dear Dorothy H. and Lucille
Bring things to pass, as it seems, by sheer will.

See, here are two sages, tho' still in embeyo,
To add to the class fame, how bravely they try O!
Angelina in bright fields of History dwells,
While Thelma drinks deep of Pierian wells.

That's Mary Lucile, so sweet-voiced and clear,
With Mad.,—Mr. Cobb, whom we're all glad to hear,
And Mary Louise—she who never forgets
A lesson assignment, and hence has no regrets.

There's Florence and Mary, you see now together,
They're sure to be lucky, no matter what weather.
They don't spend quite all their time at their books,
I'd tell you a secret—'twould mar their fair looks.

Upon Helen White with full favor we look,
She seems so superb buried deep in a book:
Yes, she and Marie are the staunchest of chums;
For them what adventures when summer time comes!

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Aloise, we had thought of a linguistic turn,
But Chemistry's now the one lesson she'll learn;
And Marion, do you think she could leave brave Aeneas,
Unless the Great Abbe himself came to see us?

In Thelma and Isabel Eighteen reposes
A confidence which of all doubts disposes;
In plating with lead an A record they've made,
This argues a future in some **heavy** trade.

Bernice and L. Murray have charmed us of late,
Their powers forensic shone full in debate.
This fact points the goal for which they seem bound,
A statesman all wise, or a jurist profound.

Mary C. dwells apart in a fair balmy clime,
But she misses in English "a pretty good time";
And Helen, who comes of great Daniel's own race,
Partakes of his wit, moving pathos, and grace.

Yes, that is our artist, our Dorothy B.,
Of delicate skill, she's as full as can be.
Just listen! 'Tis Manon's sweet voice that you hear,
And Marg. Brennan's laughter that rings out so clear.

Dolores, Dolores, your coming is late.
To this child of promise, how unkind is fate!
Don't keep the lid down on your talents so tight,
Eighteen needs just you to reflect its strong light.

So now you have witnessed our fair ranks file past,
Presenting a sum of intelligence vast.
What cause for regret that 'twas hidden so long!
I fear it has worked Eighteen a grave wrong.

So now you've reviewed our fair ranks, somewhat long,
That end, like our school-days, in music and song;
For though tribulations beset us the while,
We pack up our troubles and smile, smile, smile.

Oh, would that some bard by chance passing near,
Might drop for Eighteen "a melodious tear,"
When forth from these portals, so dear to each heart,
Our love-loyal band shall in sorrow depart.

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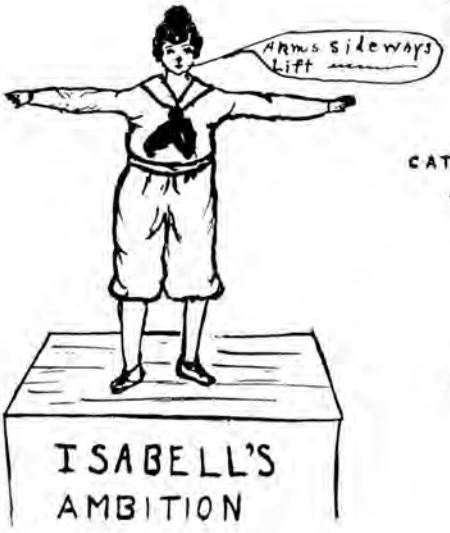

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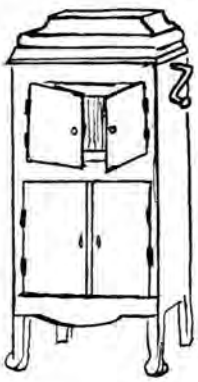

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In the Class Room

Where Thelma always goes on afternoons previous to drawing days?—To a man who fills "a long-felt void,"—The dentist.

"How quietly and steadily flows the river to the sea!" A figure of reproach to the girls of the drawing class when they are trying to do such business at the last minute.

Teacher—Where was the famous battle fought in which Montcalm and Wolfe were engaged?
Pupil—Oh! In Jerusalem on the plains of Abraham.

The History lesson included the drawing of a map of the U. S.
Teacher—Why, Thelma, you have not even the Great Lakes drawn.
Thelma—Well, well you said to draw it from memory and I forgot them.

Miss Florence on her daily promenade walked with much dignity up the aisle and upon reaching the first desk, she heard the clear voice of the teacher—"Go back." With an astonished look Florence turned back. At this moment the teacher continued: "to page, etc." Thereupon, audible smiles were heard among the Sophs.

The study in drawing class was a dog's head. After school a girl brought in a beautiful drawing in the natural coloring, placing it on the ledge beside other drawings of the same study. Two ex-members of the class who had dropped in, were commenting on its excellence when the teacher replied: "If you had remained in the class we would have had two more beautiful dogs."

Rita—I think Geometry is the most polite subject in the school.
Dot—Why?
Rita—Because it compl(i)ments (e) every angle.

HEARD IN BIOLOGY.

Teacher—What is a frog?
Smart Pupil—A frog is an insect that sits down behind and stands up in front.

Grace D. in Law Class—Sister, what is the decision of that case about the man who sold his meat market on page 80?

HOW ABOUT IT "DOT"?

Among the other prominent visitors of which we Seniors may boast, are the four bishops, Archbishop Hanna, Bishop, then Bishop-elect, of California, and Bishop Hickey and Robert Bishop of Rochester. According to some authorities "quaedam ex senioribus" boasted most of the last.

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In English Class

Teacher: Who was the god of the ocean before Neptune?
Thelma: O'Shaughness (Oceanus).
Class in chorus: O'Shaughnessy.
Teacher, several days later—Who was Tethys?
Class, who always remember—The wife of O'Shaughnessy.
Star Pupil: By way of correlation, I might add that we discussed O'Ryan, one of the brightest constellations in the heavens, in Virgil class to-day.

Teacher—Explain the allusion, "Stygian cave."
Thelma—It is a cave made of sticks.

Teacher: If you were writing a paragraph of more than 400 words and you saw it was going to be monotonous, how would you relieve the situation?
Mona: I wouldn't write so much on one subject.

Teacher: What is a fable?
Helen: A fable is a story on a small scale with an animal and moral in it.

Teacher: What is a rhetorical question?
(Long pause)
Brave Pupil: It is a figure wherein the speaker asks a question and doesn't receive any answer.
Teacher: Then I must be asking rhetorical questions all the time.

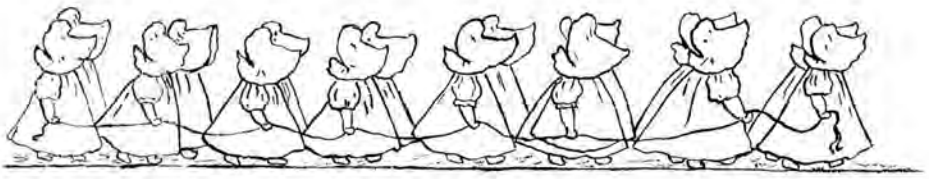
Teacher: It seems very difficult for you to express exactly what you mean when explaining figures. Explain the similarity upon which the figure is based in the following: "Youth is like Spring."
Helen: They are both fresh and green."

During a talk on characterization the teacher held up the picture of a poet and inquired, "Who is this?"
"Milton," said the class.
"Very good! Mary, tell us what you notice about his face."
"Lots of freckles," answered Mary promptly.

✣

Ode to the Water Fountain

"As the poor panting hart to the summer brook runs,—
As the summer brook runs to the sea;
So Nazareths' daughters are anxious to come
From their several classes to thee!



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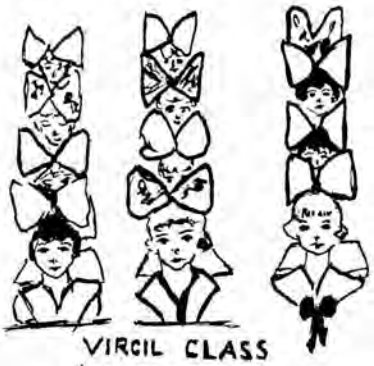
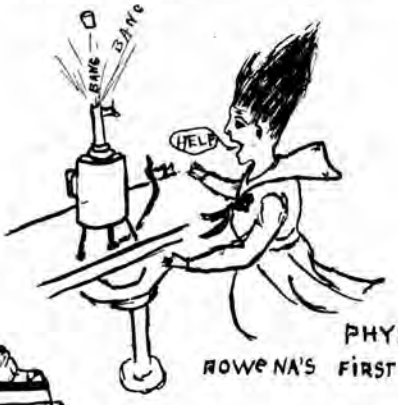


VIRGIL CLASS
"PIG-TAIL DAY"



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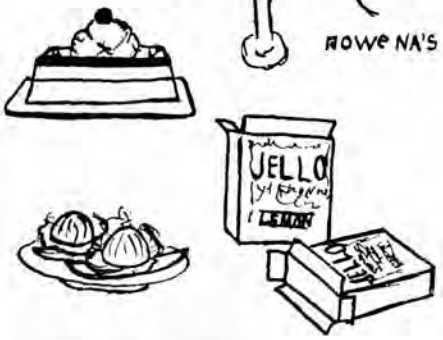

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FACTORY

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At Nazareth

If a body meet a body,
Down at Naz'reth School;
If a body greety a body,
Why not still keep cool?

Chorus:

Every girl at dear old Naz'reth
Has a heart of gold,
Every kindly deed she scatters
Bears a hundred-fold.

Some among these clever lassies
Study hard all day;
But the girls who cut their classes
Love to laugh and play.

✣

BEHIND THE SCENES.

Directress of Play (to newly appointed minister)—Now see here, this is business. You'll have to impersonate your character and stop laughing. The audience will laugh at you, but you must not laugh.

Minister—O I don't care what the audience does; but remember, I have to look at Mary Lucille.

✣

French is heavenly,
I do it every day,
I'm duly dutiful,
But inclined to say,
In language shorn of all redundance
What strikes me most is its abundance.

✣

A Few Books Worth Reading

"Why I Am Always on Time"..... By Thelma Oberlies
"Why I Never Study"..... By Dorothy McGrath
"How to Increase the Stature"..... By Dorothy Sheehan
"Silence Is Golden"..... By Mary L. Creegan
"Beauty Hints"..... By Dorothy Hoffmayr
"How to Remain Small and Dainty"..... By Louise Murray
"Why I Like German"..... By Mary Plunkett

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Rochester Telephone Company

Alphabetical Jingle

Commercial Department.

A is for the standing, we all hope to get,
B is for the books, we must not forget,
C is for the comma—we have tried to learn the rules,
D is for the dashes that are used in most all schools.
E is for one Elliott—of literary fame.
F is for our Freida who tries to do the same.
G is for our Gracie—poet of the class,
H is for Miss Harvey, a clever little lass.
I is for the interest we all try to maintain,
J is for the justice that we all hope to gain.
K is for the knowledge that we should work for here,
L is for the luck which we hope is very near.
M is for Macauley, who just loves to do her work,
N is for "no one" since none dare to shirk.
O is for the order in which the room must be,
P is for the plodders, who'll win out as you'll see.
Q is for the questions which surely we do hate,
R is for the reading we must not do too late.
S is for Sophia, a suffragist of note,
T is for the tidings that women have the vote.
U is for the unity our themes must have, we're told,
V is for the vastness of the things our minds should hold,
W is for our Wayland girl, a modest child 'tis true,
X is for our Christmas, a day we're never blue.
Y is for the year to come—we'll say, nineteen-twenty,
Z is for the Zams—"Yes, thank you. That's a plenty."

—Isabel Coffey.

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Residence, Genesee 1654

East Side Smith Street Bridge

Somewhere a Voice is Calling

Life's clear voice is calling,
Calling me on!
Sweet echoes gently falling,
From days now gone.

Fair girlhood days are gleaming,—
Stars in the blue,
Tender, and sweet, my dreaming,
Nazareth of you.

School with its simple pleasures,
Now almost o'er;
Memory fondly treasures,
Aye, more and more.

Life with its problems facing,
Many, 'tis true.
Nazareth! my thoughts are turning,
Turning to you.

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Good-for-Nothin' Sarah Ann

TO THE ordinary girl the reception of a letter is nothing unusual, but to Sarah Ann Perkins of Reedville it certainly was an event.

It is impossible to express the emotions that shot from the tips of Sarah Ann's shoes to the ends of her "Titian gold" hair, as she was handed the envelope marked "With the Colors." With trembling fingers, she tore off an end of the precious packet, bringing forth a single sheet of paper and read,—"Dear Sis: Have arrived safely in France. Am living in a wonderful apartment, 'Suicide Inn.' This is one of the most comfy dug-outs in our trench.

"I can't thank you enough for helping me to get across. All the fellows are anxious to get at Fritz and when they do—you'd better look out, 'Little Willie.' Believe me, there are no slackers in our company; they're all filled with the "To-Berlin-or-bust" spirit. I'll mail you the first helmet I capture.

"How is the job getting on? All right, I hope. Remember me to Dad.

"Love,

"JACK."

As Sarah Ann placed the letter in her waist, her thoughts drifted back to a time some five months before, to the day when war had been declared against Germany. How she had wished to be a boy; that she might enlist! But then there was Jack. Of course, he had just obtained a fine position in the office of "Clark & Brent," but no matter. Jack was a Perkins, an American, and surely he would be one of the first to answer the call.

That night at supper, Sarah Ann kept looking intently at Jack, then she had said: "Jack, I was just wondering how it feels to be a soldier." "I don't know, I've never been one, but wait till to-morrow and I'll be able to tell you, for I am going to enlist in the morning," he said.

At this point, Mr. Perkins chimed in, "What's all this about enlisting? You're not thinking of going to the army, are you, Jack? You are? Well you'd better put that notion right out of your head. In the first place, you're not 19 yet and in the second place, you're the main support of the house, since I've been sick, so you don't go. If Sarah Ann could do anything it would be different, but she's good-for-nothing, except to have lots of hifalutin' ideas about duty and heroes."

"Why, father," cried Sarah Ann, "Jack's got to go. The Perkins will have to be represented. O, Dad, won't you please let him go? You've often told us how proud you were, as a little boy, when you saw your oldest brother leave for the front in the Civil War. You said, yourself, that the Perkins were always fighters, Why, grand-dad fought in 1812, and now in this war, greater by far than any of those wars, there won't be any representative of the Perkins' family."

"Just because a lot of kings' and czars' and kaisers' heads are getting too big for their crowns is no reason why I have to send my only son to the front. They are plenty of lounge-lizards and idlers to send across. Let the government take them."

"I'll do anything, dad," cried Sarah Ann, "if you'll only let Jack go. I'll tell you, I'll take Jack's position if they'll have me. You know, I've had some experience in office work and I'm confident that I can take his place."

The next day Jack had spoken to the manager and he agreed to take Sarah Ann. Jack had come home, full of joy to tell the good news to Sarah Ann. Mr. Perkins still refused to give his consent, but it was next to impossible to resist the pleading of the two patriots. At length, he had given his consent and Jack had departed.

But all that had happened five months before. Sarah Ann had worked all day and sometimes very late in the evening, because it was difficult for her to do her brother's work. The strain was beginning to show itself in her pale, drawn face. And now had come Jack's cheery letter.

The next evening, Sarah Ann was preparing supper when she was startled by a shout from her dad, "Come here, Sarah Ann, and read this," and he handed her the evening paper. As Sarah read, she was filled with pride for Jack. According to the glowing report, he had rescued a companion under fire. Peeping out from the trench at the risk of his life, Sergeant Perkins had seen one of the reconnoitering party fall. He had dashed over the top and brought the man to safety, receiving a serious wound in his back and shoulder. In reward for his brave deed he had received military honors from General Petain.

"There now, what d'ye think of that, Sarah? I allus said that the Perkins were fighters. I had to let Jack go, so's the old name could be upheld. Some boy Jack, I'm proud of him, and he's been made Sergeant. Think of the reception the boys here at Reedville will give him, when he gets home. How does Sergeant Jack Perkins sound to your ears? I'll tell you it just tickles mine."

"Now aren't you glad you let him go, Father?"

"Let him go? Oh, I wanted him to go the worst way, indeed I did. Think of a Perkins holding back."

Sarah Ann left the room with an amused expression on her face. She was elated with the honor that had come to Jack. It was her own prophecy of his heroism, fulfilled.

After that no word came from Jack. Months passed and Ann, through overwork and growing anxiety had continued to fail and at last had been ordered to bed by the physician. She had now been confined some weeks, when one golden afternoon as she lay there dozing, she heard footsteps, and opening her eyes, beheld—Jack.

"O, Jack!" she cried, "is it really you? I'm so glad, so proud of you! But how is it you're home?"

"I've been given a year's leave to recuperate. The general sent me home to give you this."

He took from his breast a medal marked, "For Valor," and pinned it on her.

"This really belongs to you, Sis, because you made my going possible."

At this point, Mr. Perkins entered.

"Jack? Is this Jack? Did you drop from the sky?" he said, saluting him. "Well, boy, you did your duty by the Perkins' family and you did it well. You're certainly a joy to your poor old father."

"Father, this is the little girl that deserves all the praise. I guess you've found out that she's no longer good-for-nothing."

"Yes," said the father, "I just got word her position is waiting and that her salary has been increased. Mr. Brent says he can't afford to lose her. I allus knew there was something in Sarah Ann."

—Dorothy E. Sheehan.

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